1621. 5.6
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FOUR EXCELLENT

NEW SONGS,

I. A Song in praiſe of the Honourable Lord SEAFORTH's Regiment

II, A new Song in praiſe of the Scots Heros.

III. The plundering of the bonny Houſe of AIRLEY.

IV. The Power of Love.

Edinburgh, printed and ſold at the foot of the West-bow.

In praiſe of the honourable Lord Seaforth's Regiment.

YOU'RE welcome here, you Highlandmen,
Of our anc'ent Scottiſh Nation;
Edina's Caſtle's now your own,
Keep it with approbation.
The old Scots garb we all admire,
Your courage and behav'our;
Let it ne'er be ſaid of Highlandmen,
That e'er they'll drop their valiour.
Their bonnets blue and phillabegs,
Their tartan trews and high cockades,
With tartain hoſe and well made legs,
Our laſſes ſings brave Highland lads,
The honour of Seaforth we'll ſing,
And to this regiment we'll bring,
All neceſs'ries and ev'ry thing,
Will chear their hearts, and praiſe their king.
Since Charles's days did e'er you ſee,
The true Scots lads your guards to be,
Then let you all with merry glee,
Rejoice and ſing along with me.
Their Highland pipes ſo charms my heart,
Their drums, their muſic all agree,
My heaving breaſt, and mind ſo ſmart,
That along with this regiment I'll be,
O my bonny, bra' Highlandmen,
From Iſles, and main-land you came here;

The charming ſight my heart got then
Shall ſenter with my Highland dear.
I love him dearly with my heart,
With his broad ſword and belted pladie:
Tho' father and mother ſhould make me ſmart,
I'll go to the Camp with my Highland laddie.
Speak not to me of your Lawland lads,
Tho' many of them friends to daddy;
But I'll go with them and their bonnet cockades,
And go through the world with my Highland laddie
I like the tartan with all my heart,
Our home ſpun cloathes, and dainty beddie,
And I'll go with him and never depart,
And bid a farewell to my minny and daddy.
I do not care for a high-head-dreſs,
Nor yet do I for Cameron lady,
My mother's to give me out of her preſs,
Ev'ry thing fit for a Highland lady.
We'll bid a farewell to the City, then go,
When'er our men gets a call to be ready;
And go with him thro' froſt and ſnow,
And roll ourſelves in his Highland pladie.

A new Song, in praiſe of the Scottiſh HEROES.

THE Duke of Athol's coming now,
With Highland lads both ſtout and true,

They'll make the Yankies cry mar blue,
When ever they go over.

CHORUS. Gaidhe mide an rade mor,
Gaidhe mide an rade mor,
Gaidhe mide an rade mor,
Oloc'er maith le Chach e.

Duke Hamilton that hero bold,
With all his noble hearts of gold,
Will make the Yankie's courage cold
When ever they go over.

And the valiant Gordons bright,
They vow they'll fight both day & nigh
They'll put the Yankies in a fright,
When ever they go over.

The bold Seaforth that valiant man,
Wi' brave M'Kenzie's noble clan, (han
They'll flash them down wi' sword i
When ever they go over.

And the bold M'Donalds brave,
They'll sail wi' courage o'er the wav
And send the Yankies to their grav
When ever they go ever.

And the brave Duke of Argyle,
Wi' his bold heroes from the Isles,

Will chace the Yankies many miles,
When ever they go over.

The bold M'Leod's in armour bra',
When they go to America,
They'll make the Yankies run awa',
When ever they go over.

And the Glaſgow volunteers,
They'll put the Yankies into fears,
And make them pay up the arears,
When ever they go over.

The Edinburgh lads wi' hearts ſo true,
Wi' their liv'ry turn'd up wi' blue,
They'll make the Yankies for to rue,
When ever they go over.

When they go to America,
Waſhington will run awa',
A trembling fear will ſeize them a',
When ever they go over.

When our royal army they do join,
We'll be reveng'd for brave Burgoyne,
And pay them home in their own coin
When ever they go over.

May laurels deck the pretty lads,
That wears blue bonnets and cockades

And may fortune ſmile upon our lads,
When ever they go over, Gay, &c.

We will take the high road,
We will take the high road,
We will take the high road,
In ſpite of all mankind.

* The above, is the Chorus in Engliſh.

The Bonny Houſe of AIRLEY

IT fell on a day & a bony ſum'er day
When the corn grow green & yellow
That there fell out a great diſpute,
Between Argyle and Airley.

Argyle has raiſed a hundred men,
a hundred men and mairly;
And he is gone to the back of Dunkeld
to plunder the bon'y houſe o' Airley

The lady look'd over her window,
and Oh! but ſhe look'd weary;
And there ſhe eſpy'd the great Argyle,
Coming to plunder t' houſe o' Airley.

Come down, come down, madam he ſays,
come down and kiſs me fairly:

will not kiſs the great Argyle, (in Airley
If he ſhou'd not leave a ſtanding ſtone

He has ta'en her by the middle ſo ſmall,
ſays lady, where is your drury?
It's up and down the bon'y burn-ſide,
among the plantings of Airley.

They ſought it up, they ſought it down
they ſought it late and early,
And found it in the bonny Balm-tree,
that ſhines on the bowling green of
Airley.

He has ta'en her by the left-ſhoulder,
and O but ſhe look'd weary,
And led her down to the green bank,
till he plunder'd t' bon'y houſe o' Airley

O! if my good lord was at home,
as this night he is wi' Charlie,
Great Argyle and all his men, (Airley.
durſt not plunder the bon'y houſe o'

'Tis ten bonny ſons I have born,
and th'eleventh ne'er ſaw his daddie;
And if I had a hundred more,
I would give them all to Charlie.

LOVE's a gentle generous paſſion,
Source of all ſublime delights,
Which with mutual incinations,
two fond hearts in one unites.

What are titles, pomps or riches,
if compar'd with true content?
That falſe joy which now bewitches,
when obtain'd we may repent.

Lawleſs paſſion brings vexation,
but a chaſte and virtuous love,
Is a glorious emulation,
of the bliſful ſtate above.

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